MARVEL COMICS

JULY
#30

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

DEADPOOL

GUARD DUTY

KELLY
WOODS
SHELANDER

CHEW ON THIS!

THEE GO BOOTH

DANGEROUS VAPE

LL HOUSE

MIND YOUR MANNERS, KIDS --
DADDY'S HOME!

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A GWYNETH! A *GWYNETH!* MY *KINGDOM* FOR A GWYNETH!

OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, FORTHWITH, *HERETOFORE* AND HENCE...

THINGS HATH WENT *KABLOOEY* FOR ME AFTER THE *SPACE BABY* INCIDENT... RIDDLED WITH *GUILT*, I LEFT MY FRIENDS AND MY LIFE BEHIND, ANXIOUS FOR A *NEW* START...©

HOWEVER, TROUBLE FOLLOWS *TROUBLE*, AND I WAS BESET UPON BY DIRE *VISIONS* OF EVIL BUNNIES AND SWEET *HOTTIES* —

© DEADPOOL #23-25. FROM ROO TO YOU.

BUT LO AND BEHOLD, I DID DOTH DISCOVER THAT THE *WOMAN* OF MY DREAMS WAS *REAL*... AND ALIVE! A *GHOST* FROM MINE PAST GIVEN FLESH!

NO... *NOT* BLIND AL! YUCK.

A *SKULL*... THIS *SUCKS*.

YEAH, IT'S A *SHAKESPEARE* SCHTICK... WE FIGURED IF WE CAN'T GET NOMINATED FOR A *HARVEY*, WE'D AT LEAST TAKE A SHOT AT THE *OSCARS*... AHEM!

'TIS *I*, THY IGNOBLE MERCENARY, SIR *POOL* OF *DEAD* HERE TO CAST THE GOSSAMER LIGHT OF *UNDERSTANDING* ONTO THEE, GENTLE READER...

...YE WHO HATH BEEN *MIRED* DOWN IN THE UTTER CHAOS AND *CONFOUNDRY* OF MINE LAST FEW TALES... THROUGH A PROLOGUE...

I HAVE A *CONTRACT*, WADE! I'M A *MAJOR* SUPPORTING CAST MEMBER... AND NOW I'M A *SKULL* — *HEY!*

HOWEVER, TRAGEDY *TRAGEDY*... THE LADY IS *NOT* A LADY AT ALL... BUT A BLOOD-SUCKING *ZOMBIE!*

BEGONE, FOUL BONE!

NOW, I MUST FACE THE *PAINS* OF MY PAST, WHILE SOLVING THIS *MYSTERY* OF THE PRESENT...

WAADE! WAAADE, I'M *STUCK* IN *GUM*! THE *AARP* IS GONNA HEAR ABOUT *THIS!*

OKAY, THAT *PROBABLY* DIDN'T CLEAR ANYTHING UP, BUT SINCE THERE'S NO *GATEFOLDS*, WE FIGURED ANY PORT IN A *STORM*...

AND NOW, THE *PLAY!*

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THE BOLIVIAN JUNGLE... TEEMING WITH LIFE...

EXCEPT FOR THIS ANCIENT ROOFTOP... WHERE THE CONVERSATION HAS JUST STOPPED...

DEAD.

UM...

YOU, UH... YOU WANT HALF OF MY CHOCO-TWISTED SUGAR STICK?

"SWEETS MAKE SMILES!" HEH HEH... HEH...

HEH.

WHAT HAPPENED, WADE? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR LIFE?

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?

JANE EYRE... THAT'S THE LAST THING I REMEMBER... READING JANE EYRE WITH YOU IN THE LIVING ROOM IN THE DEAD OF WINTER --

WHEN -- BAM! LIKE A DREAM, I WAKE UP IN ATLANTA, BEING CHASED THROUGH THE STREETS BY A HOMICIDAL MANIAC --

AND YOU SWOOP IN LIKE AN 80'S COMIC BOOK SUPER HERO, SWEEP ME OFF MY FEET, AND BRING ME HOME TO YOUR CASTLE --

SUPER HERO... HEH... KID, YOU SHOULD TAKE THIS ACT ON THE ROAD --

ONLY IT'S NOT A DREAM! IT'S REAL! YOU AND YOUR ZOMBIES AND YOUR GUNS AND YOUR MASK! THAT STUPID SPIDER-MAN WANNABE MASK --

HEY, I RESEMBLE THAT REMARK --

STOP PLAYING WITH MY HEAD AND ANSWER ME! I'M YOUR WIFE, WADE WILSON, AND I DESERVE TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!

FWOMMP

HRRD!

:KAFF: AIN'T BEEN BLINDSIDED LIKE THAT SINCE CINDY CRAWFORD UP AND MARRIED THAT *CHEF* -- :KAFF:

THAT'S MY GIRL...

I... I... GOD, I... I'M SORRY, WADE, BUT PLEASE...

YOU *HAVE* TO TALK TO ME...

I WISH I *COULD,* DOLL... I REALLY DO... BUT THERE ARE... *THINGS* HAPPENING HERE -- *ROD SERLING* AND *PHILIP K. DICK* IN A *HOT TUB* TYPE STUFF -- *WAAAAY* OUT THERE...

AND I DON'T *THINK* I CAN EXPLAIN THEM TO YOU... *YET*... BUT IF YOU JUST *TRUST* ME... I SWEAR ON A STACK OF *BIBLETHUMPERS* I'LL GET THE *TRUTH* FOR *BOTH* OF US.

I'D HAVE AN EASIER TIME *BELIEVING* YOU, IF I COULD JUST SEE YOUR *EYES*...

PLEASE... TAKE OFF THE *MASK*...

... SORRY, CHARLIE... *NEVER* ON AN EMPTY STOMACH... OR A *FULL* ONE FOR THAT MATTER... YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON FAITH...

SOMETHING... SOMETHING *HORRIBLE* HAS HAPPENED... HASN'T IT?

YEAH, KIDDO... IT HAS...

BUT I'M GONNA MAKE IT *RIGHT*... I PROMISE. I PROMISE...

I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO *START*...

Stan Lee presents:

TRUTH & LIES

CHICAGO. THE TOUGH PART OF TOWN. SING IT WITH ME, BABY...

HELLHOUSE

GO BACK

FORMERLY SISTER MARGARET'S HOME FOR WAYWARD CHILDREN, THE CRUMBLING STRUCTURE IS NO STRANGER TO CHANGE...

MORE SINISTER PLOTS AND VILE CRIMES HAVE BEEN EXECUTED INSIDE THESE WALLS THAN THE PENTAGON LAVATORY...

BUT EVEN ALESTAIRE GRUNCH, SADIST AT LARGE, HAS TO SUPPRESS A SHUDDER AS HE WALKS THROUGH THE GATE...IT'S NEVER BEEN THIS BAD.

HELLHOUSE

KELLY
LIAR, LIAR

WOODS
DRAWS THE LINE

SHELANDER
BLACK & WHITE

BLANCHARD
PRIMARY COLORS

STARKINGS & COMICRAFT
LETTER OF THE LAW

RUBEN DIAZ
JUDGE OF CHARACTER

HARRAS
STRAIGHT SHOOTER

BLOODY *SHAME*... WHAT HAS THAT SOD *DONE* WITH THE PLACE?

TSK TSK... HE COULD AT LEAST HANG *CURTAINS* OR SOMETHING -- NO ONE SAYS DEALING DEATH MUST *ALWAYS* BE *DREARY* --

GRUNCH.

YOU GOT SOME *PAIR*, DARKENING *MY* DOORWAY, AL... THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN'T *BAG* AND *TAG* YOU AND FEED YOU TO THE BOYS...

I'M FAR TOO *HANDSOME* TO DO IN?

HARDLY... TWO SECONDS LEFT.

I'M IN *TROUBLE*, PATCH... *SIGNIFICANT* TROUBLE... AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO SET THINGS RIGHT.

I GOT ALL THE TROUBLE I CAN *HANDLE* RUNNING THIS JOINT... I DON'T *NEED* NO MORE... *ONE* SECOND --

DEADPOOL... I'VE DONE SOMETHING TO DEADPOOL...

I NEED YOUR HELP TO *UNDO* IT.

THREE SECONDS JUST BOUGHT YOU *FIVE MINUTES*, "*PARTNER*," YOU TALK, *I LISTEN*, I DECIDE. *NO* PROMISES.

C.F., HIS BAG... *FENWAY*, HIS BACK...

YOU *WON'T* REGRET THIS --

I *ALREADY* REGRET THIS...

MONTGOMERY--
LEVEL 3 SEARCH OF WORLDWIDE ELECTRONIC RECORDS YIELD NO ENTRIES OF "MERCEDES WHATEVER"--- MARITAL OR LEVEL 10 DOCUMENT SEARCH RECOMMENCED. BUT I CANNOT EXECUTE FOR YOU. PLEASE--DON'T CONTACT ME AGAIN. ZOE.

SHE REALLY HAS A *TALENT* FOR GETTING THE *WHOLE* HEART OUT WITH ONE YANK, DOESN'T SHE?

=SIGH= FINE. *DON'T* HELP. SEE IF I CARE... MUCH. I'LL FIND THE TRUTH ABOUT MERCEDES MYSELF --

HEY, MONTY... YOU *BUSY*, OR JUST E-TRADING FOR SOME *SKIN*?

WHAT? I -- OH... NO. HOW CAN I BE OF SERVICE?

WELL... YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT FROM *ME*... BUT I THINK I NEED SOME *HELP* WITH THIS WHOLE MERCEDES THING...

SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT'S *WHAT*... BUT... WHAT'S *WHAT* IS HEAVY. *VERY* HEAVY.

PAUSE. BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER, I *MUST* ASK...

TO THE BEST OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE, ARE YOU *TRULY* GOING TO *LISTEN TO* MY COUNSEL...

...OR ARE YOU GOING TO *SLAP* ME FOR VOICING MY OPINION...?

...

OKAY, I CAN SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING --

NO, I'LL *LISTEN*... *HONEST.*

ALRIGHT... THE ANSWER IS *SIMPLE*, DEADPOOL. IF YOU BELIEVE *THIS* MERCEDES TRULY IS *YOUR* MERCEDES --

WHICH I DO, *NOW*...

AND YOU CARE FOR HER WITH EVEN A *FRACTION* OF THE INTENSITY YOU ONCE DID --

I AIN'T GOOD AT FRACTIONS... BUT *SURE*... I DO...

THEN YOU HAVE ONLY *ONE* OPTION OPEN TO YOU...

...TELL HER THE *TRUTH*. PAINFUL AS IT MAY BE, YOU'RE NOT DOING *EITHER* OF YOU A SERVICE BY HIDING IT FROM HER.

EASY TO SAY WHEN THE TRUTH IS SOMETHING SIMPLE LIKE, "YES, I'M THE ONE WHO LEFT THE SEAT UP," OR, "OKAY, THOSE 1-900-CALLS ARE MINE —"

BUT THIS... A NORMAL PERSON CAN'T HANDLE THIS SORT OF THING...

PERHAPS, BUT LOOK AT IT THIS WAY... SHE'S IN YOUR WORLD NOW... AND SHE'S VERY MUCH ALONE. SHE NEEDS A GUIDE...

...AND THOUGH I'VE NEVER KNOWN IT TO BE TRUE MYSELF... THEY SAY LOVE CONQUERS ALL... SO ASK YOURSELF, WADE...

...DO YOU STILL LOVE HER?

ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS PROTECT YOU...

REALLY, THAT'S STILL ALL I WANT TO DO... WRAP YOU UP IN A LITTLE FIREPROOF PACKAGE AND PUT YOU ON THE HIGH SHELF...

BUT... I KNOW I CAN'T DO THAT. YOU DESERVE BETTER...

YOU DESERVE THE TRUTH... SO IF YOU WANT IT... IT'S YOURS. NO BACKSIES.

TELL ME, WADE...

NO MATTER WHAT?

NO MATTER WHAT.

>SIGH< ALL RIGHT... RETURN YOUR TRAY TO THE UPRIGHT POSITION... AND PREPARE FOR TAKEOFF...

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS THIS JOINT IN *MAINE*... A PLACE WHERE *HAPPINESS* HID FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD AND RAN *RAMPANT*...

CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS, THERE LIVED THE MOST *BLISSFUL* PEOPLE ON EARTH, *WADE AND MERCEDES WILSON*... TEACHERS WHO DECIDED TO THROW IT ALL AWAY AND BUILD A LOVE NEST ALL THEIR *OWN*...

HER BRIGHT IDEA WAS TO KEEP THE JOINT *ISOLATED*. LIVE OFF THE *FAT* OF THE LAND -- EXCEPT FOR THE *VCR* AND TRUFFLE OF THE *MONTH* CLUB, MIND YOU...

REALLY, IT WAS SORT OF *DISGUSTING*, ALL THIS, "I LOVE *YOU* SNOOKIE PIE" AND "YOU *TOO* HONEY LIPS FACE HEAD MUSH-MUSH"... GO INTO *DIABETIC SHOCK* JUST WALKING BY THE PLACE... ANYWAY...

IN BETWEEN *PATSY KLEIN* MARATHONS AND HOUR-LONG *SMOOCHING* SESSIONS, THE NECESSITIES OF REAL LIFE DID INTRUDE... SO ONE WINTERDAY THE HAPPY COUPLE HEADED OUT TO SCORE *DRINKING* WATER FROM THE *RIVER* --

AND IMAGINE THEIR SURPRISE WHEN OL' JACK FROST BROUGHT *MORE* THAN A NIP AT THEIR NOSES...

HE BROUGHT *COMPANY*.

THE KIDS THOUGHT HE WAS A *LOGGER* WHO FELL INTO THE RIVER AND WASHED DOWN-STREAM... SKIN BLEACHED FROM *EXPOSURE*... A *MIRACLE* HE WAS STILL ALIVE...

SO DAMN *NAIVE*... A *LUMBERJACK*... RIGHT.

OF *COURSE* THE WILSONS TOOK HIM IN... IT WAS THE *RIGHT* THING TO DO. *CLEANED* HIM UP, POURED SWEET POTATO SOUP DOWN HIS THROAT... GOT HIM BACK *ON-LINE*.

"SORRY, OL' CHAP! NO PHONES, WE'RE HIPPIES, YOU KNOW... YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING TO GO INTO TOWN..."

ONLY, MORNING *NEVER* CAME, *WORST* SNOWSTORM IN MEMORY. THE CLOUDS BLOTTED OUT THE SUN FOR A *WEEK*.

A WEEK WHERE *EVERYTHING* SHUT DOWN...

A WEEK ALONE WITH *HIM*... OUR NEW *"FRIEND..."* IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR US TO ASCERTAIN THAT WE'D MADE A *BIG* MISTAKE.

OUR GUEST WASN'T *HARDLY* A DOWN ON HIS LUCK LUMBERJACK... HE WAS A *MERCENARY*... A *KILLER*.

A KILLER WHO HAD *BOTCHED* A JOB AND WAS ON THE RUN FROM SOME *VERY* POWERFUL PEOPLE...

A KILLER WHO COULDN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE *WITNESSES*... I'D GIVE YOU THE NC-17 DETAILS... BUT IT DOESN'T *MATTER*...

YOU DIED IN MY ARMS, *BUTCHERED* IN THE SNOW.

A STRANGER BROKE INTO OUR *LIVES* AND TORE DOWN MY *SOUL* AND SET MY *HOUSE* ON FIRE AND DESTROYED THE *LAST* GREAT HAPPINESS I WOULD *EVER* KNOW...

...BUT WORST OF ALL... HE *FORGOT* TO KILL *ME*.

I'VE BEEN WALKING *DEAD* SINCE THEN... A THING OF *SUFFERING*, *SPITE*, AND THINGS *NOT* SO NICE... THE PUNCH LINE?

I GOT *CANCER*. BA-DUMP-*BUMP*. THE *NEXT* PUNCH LINE...?

THIS WAS THE CURE...

BA-BUMP-*DUMP*.

I DON'T KNOW *HOW* YOU CAME BACK TO LIFE. I DON'T KNOW *WHY* YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED. ALL I KNOW IS... IF YOU GOT A *SECOND* CHANCE...

YOU SHOULD TAKE IT AS *FAR AWAY* FROM ME AS POSSIBLE... 'CAUSE I *DON'T SING* ANYMORE, AND THE ENDINGS WITH ME ARE *NEVER HAPPY*.

PLEASE *DON'T*... DON'T...

SHHHH... SHHH...

OKAY... SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SINCE I GOT A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO "NO FRILLS NUPTIALS: THE SKINFLINT'S GUIDE TO MAIL ORDER BRIDES"...

NEXT WEEK I'LL TELL YOU HOW *BABIES* GET MADE. YOU GOT A *PROBLEM* WITH MERCEDES TAGGING ALONG, OR ARE YOU *SMARTER* THAN THOSE PIGTAILS WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE?

WIFE?

SINCE *HOW?*

NO... I HAVE *NO* PROBLEM MIT ZE PLAN... YOU SAY SHE GOES TO *MOROCCO*, SHE *GOES*. YOU ARE THE BOSS... IT'S JUST... SHE'S SO...

SKINNY.

AND YOU'RE *NOT*. ISN'T THAT *IRONIC?*

MEE-*YOUCH*... SERVE *RETURNED*...

...

HA! I *LIKE* YOU! WE'RE GOING TO [redacted] *BEST FRIENDS!* COME, I HAVE *JAGERSCHNITZEL* FOR YOU. *FATTEN* YOU UP!

WADE?

...'S JUST A L--TLE PREFLIGHT *JAGERSCHNITZEL* KON... EXPAND YOUR *HORIZONS*... JUST SIT BY THE *WINDOW* WHEN WE TAKE OFF

DEADPOOL! HOLD ON! STOP THE FLIGHT!

MONTY! REALLY... I'M IN A [redacted] TO GO SHAKE DOWN *ALESTAIRE* AND FIND OUT *WHY* HE SET ME UP TO MEET MERCEDES IN ATLANTA.

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO *WAIT* TILL WE GET BACK FOR YOUR BEER NUTS AND *VASELINE* RUN --

THIS COMMUNIQUE JUST *ARRIVED* FOR YOU. I TRACED ITS *SOURCE* AND *VERIFIED* THE CONTENT...

...YOU SHOULD BE *THRILLED*... THIS IS, AS THEY SAY IN YOUR BUSINESS, *"A SOLID LEAD,"* NO?

???

DEADPOOL?

THIS DAY JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER AND BETTER... WHAT'S NEXT, A HIGH *COLONIC* WITH *BATTERY ACID?*

!LANEY! GET YOUR PUDGY MITTS OUT OF THAT *MAYONNAISE* JAR AND PLAN A CHANGE OF COURSE! WE'RE GOING TO *CHICAGO!*

HALF A DAY LATER...

AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT I'VE HAD A YUK OR TWO IN THERE

SMELLS SCHRECKLICH. WE'LL STAY IN THE CHOPPER, NEIN?

JA.

WAIT! YOU SAID WE WERE IN THIS TOGETHER --

HOLD ON THERE, TEX... I'M NOT DITCHING YOU. IT'S JUST THAT... I LEFT HELLHOUSE ON... UM... NEGOTIABLE TERMS.

I DON'T WANT YOU WALTZING IN THERE UNTIL I MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S COOL --

I'M DEAD ALREADY. WHAT'S LEFT TO BE AFRAID OF?

I HOPE YOU NEVER FIND OUT... STAY HERE UNTIL I CALL.

AH, NEW BLOODY GOOD TO SEE THE OL' HELLHOUSE IS ATTRACTING UP AND COMING TALENT. YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM --

HI! HI... YOU AM DEADPOOL?

YEEAH... ME AM. A GOLD STAR FOR YOU AND YOUR DULLARD FRIEND, UH.

SCUMPSON. HIM MOOVER TRON.

CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR MOTHERS MUST HAVE LOVED YOU BOTH VERY MUCH.

I'M HERE TO SEE PATCH. GOT A PERSONAL INVITE AND THE KEY TO HIS DRESSING ROOM. SO WHAT SAY YOU STEP ASIDE AND...

YOU [redacted] NOT WELCOMED HERE NO MORES! AM TO BE [redacted] FAT WAY, OR [redacted] TO BE [redacted] PLEEB!

HI! HI, PATCH AM NOT TO BE SEEING YOU. NO ONE AM WANTING TO SEE YOU! PLEEB!

YOU CAN TELL THEM OVER AND OVER. EVEN HAVE JAMES EARL JONES DO A *PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT*, BUT THEY *STILL* DON'T GET IT...

JUST SAY NO TO *KISSING COUSINS*.

OPEN UP AND SAY "*PLEEB*," BOYS...

PLUM

— BARRYMORES? HEY... YOU'RE NOT A FRIENDLY BUNCH OF MISFITS WHO CUP A" ONE ANOTHER ALL DAY AND SWILL **BUSBOYS**...

ONE OF YOU IS GONNA YELL "*LET'S GET HIM!*" AREN'T YOU?

I'M BAAAACK!

PLEASE, DON'T ANYONE *GET UP* TO APPLAUD... IT'LL JUST *EMBARRASS* US BOTH...

...JUST THROW *OREW* —

LET'S GET HIM!

IT'S A REAL CHORE BEING LIFE'S *WHIPPING BOY* ALL THE TIME...

CASA DEADPOOL...

TI LINE... *PATHETIC*. I GROW *EPIDERMIS* FASTER THAN THIS *DOWNLOADS* --

DEADPOOL WILL HAVE BURNED HELLHOUSE TO THE GROUND AND BE *BACK* BEFORE I GET ANY *NEW* INFORMATION --

BDEET

HELLO...? WHAT'S *THIS?* HARD COPY OF THE *MARRIAGE LICENSE...* PHOTOS...

CROSS-REFERENCED WITH *BLACK OPS* INCIDENTS IN THE AR▮A --

OH MY GOD... *NO...* THAT... THAT *CAN'T* BE...

IT JUST *CAN'T!*

SURPRISE, *SUNSHINE.*

GUY TURNS HIS BACK ON YE OLDE STOMPING GROUNDS FOR A FEW *MONTHS*, AND WHAT HAPPENS--?

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

THE PLACE TURNS INTO *"ALL THE HUMAN FLESH YOU CAN DEVOUR"* NIGHT AT THE TRANSYLVANIA *STUCKEY'S* —

DROOLING GENETIC *REJECTS* RELEASED FROM THEIR TEST TUBES UNDER AGE FOUR EAT *FREE*...

BRAKKA

I GUESS *THIS* IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE MY PARTICULAR BRAND OF *LEVITY* AROUND TO BALANCE OUT THE DARKNESS...

FOR *EXAMPLE*...

KRAK

SEE? SHAPED *VERTEBRA* FOLLOWED BY HOLLOW POINTS THROUGH THE SHOULDER BLADE —

COMEDY GOLD.

YOU SHOULD HAVE [redacted] RETURNED HERE DEADPOOL!

A NEW DAWN HAS RISEN ON HELLHOUSE --

IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL IT? GEE, AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THE *PLUMBING* THAT BACKED UP --

YOU HAVE *NO* POWER HERE NOW...

...NOT SINCE THE *BIG MAN* REPLACED YOU ALL THOSE MONTHS AGO!

HIS *TROPHY* OF YOUR BATTLE SERVES AS A REMINDER TO US ALL WHO HOLDS THE *TRUE* POWER IN HELLHOUSE.

A BELT ON THE *BONEHOOK* IS MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN MY *"WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER"* AWARD?

AT LEAST ONE THING HASN'T CHANGED... FOLKS ARE STILL AFRAID TO SAY *"THE BIG MAN'S"* NAME OUT *LOUD* --

HURG

OR DID SOMEONE JUST SHOVE *NUNCHUKS* UP YOUR NOSE, *HED TU FAT?*

DON'T ANSWER THAT. IT DOESN'T *MATTER*...

...'CAUSE YOU PRESSED THE *MAGIC BUTTON*... YOU BROUGHT THE *ALBINO* INTO THE GAME...

WHOOF

AND NO ONE --

CLUB

BOTTLE

BAM

BLEED

OKAY... I SLUMP CORRECTED...

HOW *AMAZING* IT MUST HAVE BEEN LIVING MIT DEADPOOL THROUGH HIS [redacted] *ADVENTURES!* DID HE EVER TAKE YOU ON A *MISSION?*

ACTUALLY... IT WASN'T LIKE *THIS*... WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER.

EVERYTHING WAS *DIFFERENT* THEN...

BORING, PERHAPS! SINCE *I* COME WORK FOR DEADPOOL... I SEE THINGS... MEET *PEOPLE*...

FEELS LIKE I AM *ALIVE* FOR THE FIRST TIME --

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT WE HAD... *THAT* WAS LIVING...

POOM

WHAT WAS THAT? *WADE --?*

MISS MERCEDES! *WAIT!* DEADPOOL SAID --!

THINGS BLOW UP ALL THE *TIME* AROUND HIM! *NO PROBLEM!*

...SO *UGLY*... SHE STEPS OUTSIDE AND *SATELLITES* FALL FROM THE SKY ---

FWAK

OKAY... SO IT'S NOT MY *BEST*... BLAME IT ON THE LACK OF *BLOOD* TO MY *BRAIN*...

THE HIGH AND MIGHTY *DEADPOOL*...

AND *WE'RE* TAKING [redacted] OUT. THE BIG GUY IS GONNA BE *PSYCHED*...

WHANNG

MARK MCGWIRE? HEY, I KNOW THE GUY WHO BOUGHT YOUR *BALLS*...

NO MORE...

DIS CAN'T GO ON NO MORE...

Y'R "BIG MAN" DON'T OWN DIS PLACE, PUNKS... I DO... AN' I DIDN'T CALL DEADPOOL UP HERE T'SEE HIM GET TORN APART BY THE LIKES OF YOUS...

DAT ALBINO FREAK DON'T LIKE IT... I DON'T GIVE A SQUIRT. I'M DONE TAKING IT FROM HIM.

:SNIF: THAT WAS THE MOST TOUCHING DRAMATIC ENTRANCE SINCE DIRTY HARRY SHOT THAT MAN THROUGH THE FACE IN "BLOOD ON MY SHOES." :SNIF:

YOU LIKE ME... YOU REALLY LIKE ME...

SHADDAP YOU, AND SLICE SOMETHIN'.

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH... THANKS, PATCH.

BAH! AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' TO DO WITH YOU, 'POOL... I FELT GUILTY LEAVIN' ALESTAIRE IN THE LURCH...

THAT AN' I'M SICK OF FEELIN' LIKE A CHUMP ■ MY OWN PLACE.

GOT IT... BUT WHO'S THE STRAPPER YOU BROUGHT ALONG TO PLAY WITH FENWAY?

CHEW FLOOR, PUNK!

C.F.?!

IT CAN'T BE! YOU — YOU JUST SHOVED A GUY'S TEETH THROUGH HIS COLON!

WITH STYLE, NO LESS!

GOOD JOB, STUD!

WOW... A COMPLIMENT... FROM DEADPOO.... :SNIFF:

HOW'S THE GAME BEEN TREATING YOU, FENWAY?

NOT GOOD. NEW OWNERSHIP RUINED THE TEAM

THEY WANTED TO *RETIRE* YOUR NUMBER, *PERMANENTLY*...

BUT I *NEVER* FORGET A TEAMMATE... EVEN WHEN HE'S IN A *SLUMP*.

YOU'RE A *CLASS ACT*, MAN... *REALLY*.

BY THE WAY... YOU EVER TALK TO *WEASEL* —?

'POOL! WE'D BETTER GET TO ALESTAIRE BEFORE ONE OF THESE *BRAIN SURGEONS* FIGURES OUT *HE'S* WORTH MORE THAN *YOU!*

WHATEVER YOU TWO STEPPED IN, IT'S *BIG*, I HEAR --

SO YOU *KNOW*?

'BOUT THE [redacted] NO... BUT I HEARD A *RUMOR* --

BUT YOU *DO* KNOW WHO SET ALL THIS UP?

IF YOU HAVE TO *ASK*, THEN YOU REALLY DID GO SOFT IN THE HEAD...

... "*HIS*" *FINGERPRINTS* ARE ALL OVER THIS...

GEEZ, PATCH... YOU AFRAID TO SAY HIS NAME *TOO*? WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE?

BAD THINGS, BOY... *BAD* THINGS.

SECOND DOOR ON THE *LEFT*.

RRRMBLE

PATCH, DUDE... WHAT DID YOU REMODEL THIS PLACE WITH, *TISSUE* [redacted]? I BREAK WIND AND A *WALL* CAVES IN!

I GOT THREE WORDS FOR YOU -- HOME DEPOT, LUMBER.

OH MY GOD! IT *IS* YOU!

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA -- *ACKK!*

KCHOW

EAT IT, TRAITOR.

WELL, WELL, WELL... ISN'T THIS A PRETTY PICTURE... *SWEATING*, ALESTAIRE --?!

UNTIE ME, DEADPOOL! *HURRY!* I'LL TELL YOU *EVERYTHING* YOU NEED TO KNOW, JUST HURRY!

OH, AREN'T WE THE LITTLE DICTATOR WHEN WE'RE HUNG UP LIKE A STUCK PIG? HOW ABOUT YOU GIVE WITH THE 'NFO AND THEN I SPIN THE WHEEL TO DECIDE YOUR FATE --

REEOWW

HSSSSS

HIIGHH!

NOOOO!

DEADPOOL, I SWEAR ON MY BLACK SOUL, I WANTED NO PART OF THIS! THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE TO WARN YOU, ABOUT THE GIRL, AND ABOUT --

OH NO...

BROWRR

HSSS MEOWW!
SLURRP
CHOMP
SLLRRP
NO! NO!
AAARRRGGHHLLL
AAAHHH!
I -- OH -- EEW...
I WAS SO NOT PREPARED TO SEE THAT...
ALLIE! NOOO!
GOT ANY CATNIP --?
OH GOD... I TOLD YOU TO LAY OFF DA CATZ, ALLIE... I TOLD YA...
IT'S... IT'S KITTY KARMA --
AIIEEGGH!
MERCEDES?
MERCEDES!
DEMON CATS? DRAGON PUPPIES?! WHAT? WHERE? WHO? WHY? WHEN --?
UUUGH... TH-THERE...
???
NO... NOT YOU...

GAZY SEE YOU SOON

MONTY...

HOW -- HOW DID HE GET *HERE* FROM... *BOLIVIA?*

WHO DID THIS? WHAT DOES IT *MEAN?*

GAZY SEE YOU SOON

IT MEANS THAT *DEEP* DOWN...

...*I* WAS AFRAID TO SAY THE NAME TOO...

...BUT IT WAS *HIM* ALL ALONG...

WHOOSH

T-RAY. HE'S BACK.

MARCO... POLO.

NEXT MONTH:

THE FATE OF MONTY!
THE RETURN OF LL&L!
THE BEGINNING OF
THE END!

DEADLINES

Dear *Deadlines*,

I'm sick of your bragging and self-aggrandizing. I've seen much more gratuitous Wolverine appearances than that. You call that gratuitous? HA! I laugh and spit upon your gratuity.

Oh, the issue? Issue #27 was great. A fine job all around. Just don't get swelled heads because I'm complimenting you. Hmmph. Gratuitous Wolverine appearance indeed.

Thank you for returning the light and joy to my life by not confusing me like you did last issue. It makes the laughter that swells within me while reading each issue that much more pure. And I was really impressed with the art, especially during the battle between Wade and Wolvie.

Mind you, all this praise will cease if I ever catch you making such ill-founded claims of gratuity again. There's no room in this game for individual egos. We're a team, and there's no "I" in "team." Granted, there's an "M" and an "E" but we don't like to mention that. I think I'll stop writing while I'm still coherent.

Brendan McGinley
New London, CT
Brendan59@aol.com

Gee, Brendan. We're awful gee-golly sorry that we weren't gratuitous enough for ya. Maybe next time we'll have God show up or something. Would that be gratuitous enough, almighty lord and master of gratuitousness? Huh? Would it? Huh? Sheesh.

Awww, just kidding. We're glad you liked the issue, though. Keep reading; it appears you weren't the only one....

Dear DEADPOOL people,

Every time I think this title has reached its peak weirdness factor, you keep surprising me. Issue #27 was great.

Only Dr. Bong would suggest Wade get in a meaningless slugfest with a hero to resolve long-standing issues, and only here would it work. I can't remember the last time Wolverine crossed over into a non-X title, or the last time it worked so well.

And Kitty -- words fail me to tell you how satisfying it was to see little miss 'I'm so perfect' get sucker-punched like that! She had that coming, and then some.

As for the 'good' Doctor, considering I thought he'd never see the light of day again unless Howard the Duck got his own title back, I like how he worked out here. Let's see him again sometime, perhaps as Wade's 'primary caregiver', so to speak.

Lastly, one thing I'm unclear over: if the woman Wade kept seeing as an hallucination was actually somebody he thought was dead, what was she doing looking very much alive at the end? What was she running from? (Sorry if it was supposed to be obvious, but I don't get it.)

Mike McCullough
Selbyville, DE

Mike, Mike, Mike... fear not, friend. You weren't supposed to know what the heck was goin' on with little miss Mercedes at the end of issue #27. That's how we got you and everyone else (hopefully!) to come back for issue #28! And by now, at least some of your questions have been answered.

As for Ms. Pryde, alas, some might say she had that love tap coming. For the sake of interoffice goodwill and the fear of retribution, we won't say who.

Perhaps the real reason we did it can be summed up in this one nonsense sentence (and mad props to anyone who can figure it out): Keeping in the traditional yearly inaugural slugfest, let's all make eggs.

Dear *Deadlines*,

I've only been collecting comic books for about two years and DEADPOOL has become one of my favorites. I've been on the "Deadwagon" since issue #16, and I've enjoyed the ride. As far as the whole Dead Reckoning story goes, it played out okay. We all knew there was not going to be a golden age of peace. That would make the whole Marvel Universe rather boring, would it not? The fun part was just seeing how it was going to get screwed up.

Now, on to issue #27. 'Bout time we saw ol' Wolverine in this book. The claws through the back of ol' Wade was sweet revenge for the short guy from WOLVERINE #88. What I really love about this book is the things that appear in those yellow balloons; "By the power of Greyskull" -- I swear, I have not heard a He-Man reference in ten years. And when Deadpool sucker-punched Kitty in true Street Fighter form... I love it! It lets me know that the writer spent just as much time watching TV growing up as I did.

Funny, until they said it, I never realized Deadpool gets so much insight into himself while he's getting torn a new one. Keep it real, keep it funny, and keep digging deep for those one-liners.

So, until Deadpool learns that Blind Al is his long lost great aunt, make mine Marvel!

Ryan L. Smallwood
Tulsa, OK

Thanks for the write, Ryan! Yeah, you can always count on Joe Kelly for one whacked-out reference or another. (That guy's got a lot of weird stuff floating around in his head. Really. And sometimes it just ain't pretty.)

Of course, no one really expected the world to get all happy-ified at the end of Dead Reckoning, but it sure was fun watching it come about, right? And that's what it's all about: fun.

Speaking of fun, that's what the little "Kitty gets hitty" scene was all about. Fun. Too bad it wasn't so much fun for her, right? Ha ha ha ha ha! Even ninja-phase-girl can't possibly hope to match the awesome fighting abilities of Deadpool, the Uncanny... y'know, Whatever!

Okay. That's enough Kitty litter for one letters page. See ya'll next month!

NEXT ISSUE:

DEADPOOL WANTS T-RAY SIX FEET UNDER -- BUT WILL HE INVADE HIS HOUSE TO DO IT?! TO STICK IT TO THE ALBINO WITH A BANDAID, WADE WILSON WILL HAVE TO GO STRAIGHT INTO T-RAY'S PAD, A PLACE DECORATED WITH PIECES OF THE PAST... NAMELY, DEADPOOL'S PAST!

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